When the Teacup Comes Together and Replicates

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When the Teacup Comes Together and Replicates

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

One evening, Hannibal reveals to Will he's pregnant with his baby after Will has helped him with his heat some months before. Will is no longer torn when he feels the kicks and movements of the baby and confesses. Broken teacups come together and apparently replicate in this universe.

Sequel to "Caught In The Act".

Notes

Right after "Caught In The Act", I had an idea for another oneshot.If this writing streak continues, I'll make a stand-alone series out of this 😅.

And maybe, only maybe I'll add more. Let's see.

Happy Valentine's Day!! Enjoy the day with your loved ones or have a gorgeous day on your own!

"Wait what... you're *pregnant*?"

The words were ringing in his ears. Will nearly spilled the whole tumbler of expensive bourbon whiskey on the indigo carpet of Hannibal's office when he listened to his explanation, his own hands trembling slightly. Having stopped himself from ruining the fabric just in time by catching the glass with whiskey, Will then went into a light state of paralysis, growing numb and unresponsive. His face paled but the warm light of the fire was to his advantage, making it less obvious to Hannibal. He took a deep, long breath to quiet the storm in him.

No...no...no. It was all wrong.

Some months ago, Will had merely intended to help Hannibal through the heat no matter how much he hated him for what he was and had done to him. Will was supposed to end the terror of Hannibal Lecter and not create a completely new cannibal family and even more murderers and sociopaths.

Will should have known. Shiva was both creator and destroyer and Hannibal was a God, enjoying games played in his own wanton malice. When he came to visit Will's home four months ago, Hannibal must have been aware he was about to go into heat very soon after his last kill and had thus taken advantage of the fact. Doing anything to draw Will closer, confuse the alpha and obfuscate his views on killing and cannibalism.

His heartbeat stuttered and Will, after walking in circles in the room, had the urge to sit down on the edge of Hannibal's desk in order to recover from the surprising news.

Tolerating Will's rude behaviour as always, Hannibal leaned back in his chair and closed the buttons of his navy blue jacket again, after revealing the little curve of a baby bump. He bestowed Will with a little, genuine smile while eternalizing him and Will as Achilles and Patroclus, both heading into the Trojan War. The insinuation was clear. Overall it was a tragic love story but in this depicted moment there was still hope as long as they stood together and protected each other instead of following their fate the gods had devised for them. Even if it meant to die together. Dying in the arms of a close companion was still better than dying abandoned.

"Is the process of making a baby still so foreign to you?" Hannibal asked with an amused smirk and barely visible elevated eyebrows while focusing on the details of the armour Achilles had lent Patroclus to defend him.

"Of course not!"

Irritated by this taunting question, Will scoffed and slammed the whiskey glass down on the desk as the taste stung in his mouth. Hannibal didn't look pleased he had created another scraper in his expensive desk but hid the annoyance quickly. Will didn't bother. His stomach was twisting and turning. The alpha sighed and growled quietly before he shifted his attention to Hannibal again.

"It just surprised me. I thought you were taking birth control pills just like everyone else."

Hannibal scrutinized him intently from his seat, enjoying the body features of Will being illuminated by the warm, golden glow of the flames crackling in the fireplace and the irritated expression on Will's beautiful, angelic face. Even if he was grumpy, rude and angry, Hannibal loved him.

A sharp exhale of breath and a quiet, pained groan made Will's anger diminish and was replaced with concern for the omega's wellbeing. His Alpha instincts kicked in and he looked at him with worry. He placed his hands on his shoulders.

”Are you alright?”

”Yes..but I think the baby doesn't agree with our loud discussion. And it’s my back hurting a little.”

Hannibal grimaced and touched his baby belly as the little one shifted its position, reacting to Will's agitated voice and the atmosphere in the room. He bent back and forward in the chair as his back ached. Regardless of that, Hannibal remembered the last words Will said and couldn’t drop the mic. He needed to say something to remind him of the injustice in today’s society.

"I was taking them regularly. By the way, may I remind you that alphas such as you can buy and take birth control pills nowadays as well? Modern medicine has truly progressed.”

Walking away from Hannibal again and continuing his tense pacing around the omega, Will turned his body towards Hannibal and stood still as he heard the comment, his face put into an irritated frown. His hands curled into fists and a growl rumbled in his chest.

"Yeah sure“, Will remarked sarcastically. He sat on the desk again, on Hannibal‘s drawing, wrinkling it a little “Just blame me for everything. It was you who wanted me to fuck you like a wanton bitch, remember? You came to me that day. You and your damned heat...”

Christ.He couldn’t believe the audacity of this lying shitbag of a cannibal at all to twist everything to his advantage. He may be right, but he still was the one to sneak into the house.

The classical piece, *Suite bergamasque* by Débussy finished with the last serene chord played in pianissimo. Now the scratching of pencil on paper was particularly loud in the tense silence following after the music had ended.

Putting down the pencil for a moment, Hannibal closed his eyes. The words pierced his heart. Today he was very vulnerable. He needed half a minute to stay as calm and controlled as usual.

"I am aware, Will. It was just a hint that even alphas can be prepared for such dire situations.”

Will’s eyes shot upwards to the ceiling. Before he was able to counter his argument,opening his mouth in anger, Hannibal continued and cut him off.

“Be it as it is, I don't know for certain why the medication failed me, Will."

Huffing a breath, Hannibal laid down the pencil and scalpel on his desk, got to his feet and put a hand on Will's shoulder. Will simply gaped at him, waiting for Hannibal to elaborate.

"But I harbour some suspicions. I have done my research and found out that omegas taking birth control pills can become pregnant by their soulmate even though they are on medication."

Okay, so he had been wrong. Hannibal hadn't *known* but it didn't make it any better as he had *calculated* the risk of getting pregnant most likely. Will was at the loss to find the rights words to say when Hannibal said they were probably soul mates although he had speculated as much.His chest felt as if someone had tied a rope around him and pulled it tighter, making it difficult to breathe. It was the accumulated psychological pressure of the situation getting to him now with Hannibal being pregnant with his baby.

Will felt horrible now because he had promised something crucial to Jack.Especially because of the trap he had set up with Jack back then when they went ice-fishing one day. After discovering the lures and figuring it could not have been Will, the special agent had finally decided to believe his suspicions that Hannibal was the Ripper.

He had promised to be his man, not Hannibal's and arrest the Chesapeake Ripper. Together they had feigned Freddy Lounds' death to entrap him.

Right now the admittedly fragile house of cards fell apart and his loyalty to Jack just went astray with the cards being whirled up by the strong wind of fate.

Will glanced at the baby bump which was sticking out openly due to Hannibal's position on the desk. He was enticed to touch and kiss it and greet the little living being growing inside the omega. The tiny fetus was not responsible for Hannibal's deeds and deserved to be loved. And if he was completely honest, raising children with an omega at his side was something he had always longed for. Even though it would be with a psychopath and cannibal.

"May I touch your belly ?"Will asked Hannibal when the ticking of the clock became unbearable and he required some assurance and touching.

The omega granted him another rare, loving smile Will never believed him to be capable of. Hannibal's face was so tender and soft in the firelight. Apparently these were the changes of pregnancy. The hormones made him softer and more vulnerable despite being aware of Will fooling him. Or Hannibal was truly assuming Will was his and not Jack's.

"But of course. You are the father."

Carefully and very slowly, Hannibal led Will's hands to his belly, then entwined both hands. He squeezed his hand to reassure him everything was alright and to ground him. Will stopped breathing for a moment as the emotions of being a father overpowered him.

"Say hello to your daddy, little one", Hannibal purred and bent down his head as he talked in his cooing voice to the baby.

First, Will didn't feel anything. But when he was about to unclasp his hand, he sensed a movement and winced. The baby dealt out some tiny kicks or motions to communicate with him. Will gasped as a warmth feeling of joy spread through his hand and through his body, knowing it must be the bond forming between them.

"Do you remember when I told you that perhaps a teacup would come together?"

Will swallowed. His mouth went dry at the memory of Abigail's death and he tried to push the memory with vomiting out her ear from his stomach into the kitchen sink. He remembered Hannibal telling him mysterious metaphors of teacups and time a few weeks ago.

"Yes.With clarity."

Hannibal pulled him closer to him and rested his forehead against his. Will didn't pull away, enjoying Hannibal's distinctive scent.

"It may have come together three months ago."

This moment was so tender and beautiful. Tears sprang into Will's eyes. Deciding on his allegiance in this moment, Will didn't desire to destroy another teacup, maybe for good this time and felt compelled to confess Hannibal the shocking truth.

"I need to tell you something", Will began, biting on his lips.

Will didn't look at his lover when he confessed it all.There was too much shame in him.

The expression in Hannibal's face changed back to his usual cool, detached manner when he had ended his explanation.Darkness crept through the room. The light in the fireplace went out, creating a very moody, saturnine atmosphere and Hannibal looked pale, heartbroken and struck with grief. They lingered in the middle of the room, as if they had been turned into stone. Cold maroon eyes flickered over Will's confused face.

Will wanted the omega to do anything. The impassive demeanour made him go insane.

Feeling the alpha's distress, Hannibal reacted and put his hands on Will's cheek, brushing it. He drank deeply from the pools of confused blue eyes. Will held his breath and expected death, a punishment, literally anything at this point, but instead he was being kissed tenderly and hugged. A linoleum knife fell out of Hannibal's pocket to the floor with a loud clatter but Will didn't judge him for it. He would have embraced it anyway.

"Thank you for being so honest, Will", Hannibal purred quietly, releasing a wave of pheromones to calm the anxious alpha, then took him by his hand.

"Let me show you something", Hannibal said, deliberately looking away from his mate.

Will followed him to his Bentley without any further questioning and ready to run away. Hannibal had showed him the bags he had packed tonight with clothes and everything they needed and he nodded, thinking about his dogs and worrying a little.

Relief washed over him as Hannibal told him, his dogs could be taken care of as he knew someone who could organise a transfer once they had settled in another country.

Hannibal and Will got in the Bentley and drove away. They drove until the coast of Chesapeake Bay unfolded in front of their eyes. Heavy rain poured down, making it hard to concentrate but Hannibal drove despite Will's offer to take over as Hannibal occasionally yawned but the latter kept his eyes fixed on the road, determined to finish this trip without the help of Will. This omega was proud.

After two hours of drive they arrived and halted in the drive of a beautiful coast house, situated directly at the steep cliff. It possessed a glass front with a perfect view at the ocean and the eroding bluff. The heartbeat and confusion in Will increased rapidly but he closed his eyes, accepting whatever Hannibal wanted to do here.

"Stay in the car, please", Hannibal told him in a little abrasive voice, then got our and walked over to the house in the rain. Will didn't mind the command. It didn't matter if Hannibal was an omega or alpha, he was unpredictable anyway.

Waiting in the car, Will grew worried and more anxious with every minute passing by. The windows fogged with his breathing and the warmth of the heating.

His jaw dropped when a familiar silhouette, a young girl with long auburn hair, wide blue eyes and pale, ghostly white face accompanied Hannibal along with a duffle bag to his car.She got in and climbed on the backseat.Will tilted his head back to her, still shocked that this was not a hallucination of his brain. He blinked but she was there.

It was Abigail. She was *alive*.

Noticing his stare and state of mind, Abigail smiled back, a little tense and rigid smile, avoiding his gaze after some seconds. "Hi", she greeted him with a soft purr. "It's nice to have you with us."

"Hey", Will answered, forcing himself to smile as well but it turned into a genuine one. "I'm really glad, too."

Hannibal started the engine and drove off again, water splashing to the sides. Occasionally he observed their new attempts at bonding and listened to their careful conversation in which they were trying to find their footing.

The pheromones Hannibal's glands sent into the air, made both of them less anxious and ready to talk although Will was still a little tense. Obviously, his alpha held a grudge and a bone to pick with Hannibal fooling him into having killed Abigail and the other Ripper victims. But the alpha wouldn't talk about it in front of Abigail. Ambush would come later.

Feeling Will's burning gaze on him and sensing his anger, Hannibal held himself back and didn't talk much.The omega almost looked guilty. Almost. Will's planned betrayal had left a bitter sting in his heart, too but thanks to the baby inside him he refrained from taking revenge. At least for now. If Will didn't chicken out and kept his promises.

While driving into the distance and leaving the coast of Chesapeake Bay , Will looked at the plane tickets he had found in the small glove compartment when Hannibal told him to check for him. Next stop was Dulles Airport, Virginia.Hannibal had booked a flight to Paris for the three of them.

Soon they were to be a family of four.

A new cannibal dynasty.

In the plane Hannibal rested his head on Will's shoulders and slept. Pregnancy took its toll on him. Abigail had the window seat. She looked out of the window in excitement, letting Will tell her where Wolf Trap probably was and explain her in a hushed voice why he did what he did and talk about her future plans once they had settled in France or Italy, whatever Hannibal’s plans we're. Abigail apologized, too, for not giving him a sign, even though she had nothing to be sorry for. They hugged and Will was glad she was alive.

Before long, Abigail drifted into sleep and Will was the only one being awake. He couldn’t sleep in the plane no matter how hard he tried. He sighed and put on a movie.

Sifting his hands through Hannibal’s hair absentmindedly while watching the movie, he heard a soft whimper coming from Hannibal. He planted a soft kiss on his forehead and, despite the conflicted feeling, could not help himself but smile a little at the sight of the omega who was snoring softly and looking so damn innocent in this state and not like a dangerous omegan serial killer who was hard to handle in his heat.

Will came to the conclusion that the universe was able to replicate teacups and not only mend them after all.

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